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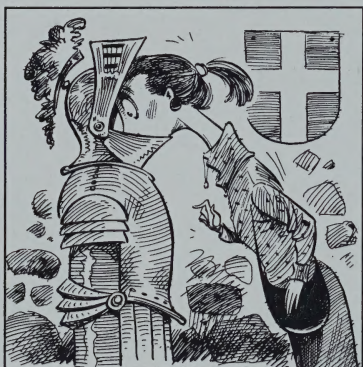
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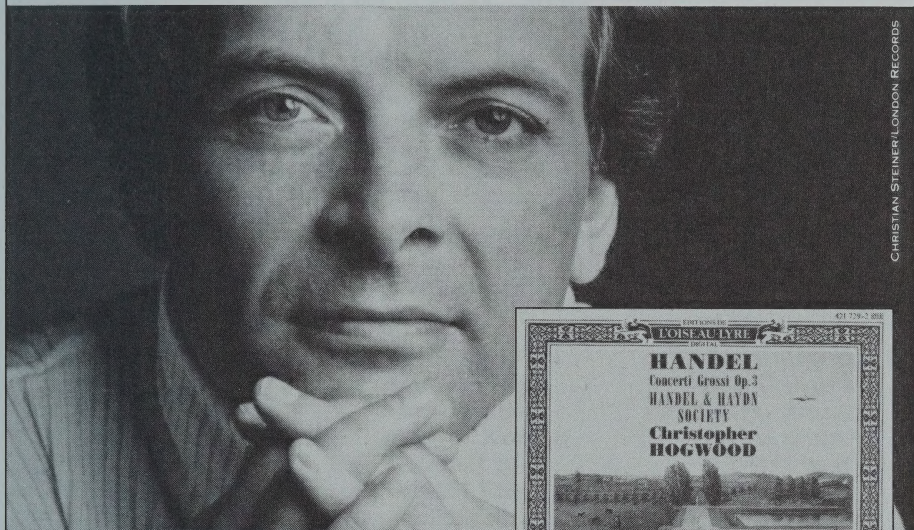
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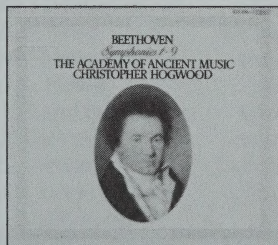
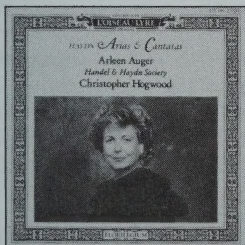


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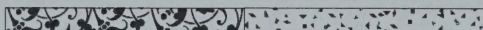
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# H&H

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# H&H

CHRISTOPHER HOGWOOD, ARTISTIC DIRECTOR  
ONE HUNDRED SEVENTY-SIXTH SEASON,  
1990-91

Friday, February 15 at 8 p.m.  
Sunday, February 17 at 3 p.m.  
SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

Craig Smith  
Guest Conductor

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN  
(1732 - 1809)

## The Seasons (Die Jahreszeiten)

Der Frühling (Spring)  
Der Sommer (Summer)

INTERMISSION

Der Herbst (Autumn)  
Der Winter (Winter)

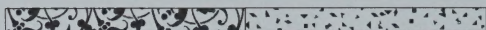
Dominique Labelle, *soprano*  
Stanford Olsen, *tenor*  
David Evitts, *baritone*

Please note: Friday's concert will end about 10:45 p.m.;  
Sunday's concert will end about 5:45 p.m.

*The Handel & Haydn Society is supported in part by generous  
grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and the  
Massachusetts Cultural Council, a state agency.*

This concert is being recorded for broadcast on WBUR 90.9 FM.





#### CRAIG SMITH, GUEST CONDUCTOR

Craig Smith is one of the nation's most respected conductors. He studied at Washington State University and New England Conservatory of Music and is currently Music Director of Boston Opera Theater and the Emmanuel Music Group. He has taught at Longy School of Music, MIT, and the Julliard School.

Mr. Smith first came into the public eye through his collaborations with director Peter Sellars. Their productions of *Così fan tutte*, *Le Nozze di Figaro* and *Don Giovanni* were recently filmed in Vienna with the Vienna Symphony Orchestra and will be televised on PBS' *Great Performances* and throughout Europe as well as released on CD Video by Decca Records.

Active in both baroque and contemporary music at Emmanuel Church, Mr. Smith has also conducted the complete cycle of Bach cantatas in their correct liturgical order, the American premieres of Handel's *Atlanta*, Max Reger's *Serenade for Orchestra* and the world premier of Pulitzer Prize winning composer John Harbison's violin concerto and a concert version of his *A Winter's Tale*. In addition to performances of the Sellars-Mozart operas, Mr. Smith's recent projects include productions of Handel's *L'Allegro, il Penseroso, ed il Moderato* with choreographer Mark Morris and taping *Giulio Cesare* in East Berlin with the Dresden State Orchestra.

## SOLOISTS

#### DOMINIQUE LABELLE, SOPRANO

Dominique Labelle came to international attention through her portrayal of Donna Anna in Peter Sellars' production of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, which was televised on PBS last month. A winner of the 1989 Metropolitan Opera National Council Competition, Ms. Labelle attended Boston University on a Dean's Scholarship and was a Vocal Fellow at Tanglewood in 1988, where she appeared in performance with the Boston Symphony and Seiji Ozawa in Strauss' *Elektra*, which was also performed in Boston and Carnegie Hall, and recorded on the Philips label. Recent engagements have included Beethoven's *Choral Fantasy* and Verdi's *Four Sacred Pieces* with the Boston Symphony and Mozart's *Requiem* with the John Oliver Chorale.

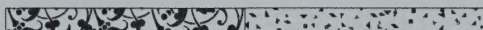
#### STANFORD OLSEN, TENOR

Winner of the 1989 Walter W. Naumburg Award, Stanford Olsen continues to fulfill his promise as one of the world's outstanding young musical talents. He has appeared in a number of leading roles at the Metropolitan Opera, including Don Ottavio in *Don Giovanni*, conducted by James Levine, and Idreno in Rossini's *Semiramide*, in a new production conducted by James Conlon. In Europe he will appear in both staged and concert performances of Belmonte in *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, conducted by John Eliot Gardiner, which is being recorded by Deutsche Grammophon. Mr. Olsen has appeared with H&H in the 1988 *Messiah* tour and performances of Haydn's *The Creation* in 1989.

#### DAVID EVITTS, BARITONE

David Evitts enjoys a wide-ranging career as both an orchestral and operatic soloist. He recently portrayed Bartolo in Peter Sellars's acclaimed production of *The Marriage of Figaro* that was broadcast on PBS's "Great Performances" this winter. He has appeared with the National Symphony Orchestra, the Boston, Detroit, Milwaukee, Springfield, and Baltimore Symphony Orchestras, and the Los Angeles Philharmonic. Mr. Evitts has sung with many of the nation's leading oratorio societies including five consecutive seasons with the New York Choral Society at Carnegie Hall and as resident baritone soloist of the Marlboro Festival. In recent seasons he has appeared with the National Symphony and Christopher Hogwood in the Mozart *Requiem* and with Robert Shaw in Bach's *B Minor Mass* and Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*. He has recorded for Sine Qua Non, Nonesuch, CBS Masterworks, and Vox Cum Laude.





# HAYDN'S THE SEASONS (DIE JAHRESZEITEN)

Haydn's last great swan song, *The Seasons*, has a complicated history. Although always considered with *The Creation*, it has a fundamentally different tone. While *The Creation* was published with a good English translation based on the Milton source of the text, *The Seasons*, based on a vastly inferior English poem by James Thomson, was published in German with an English text that has nothing to do with Thomson but is merely a translation of the German. The aura of the German-English dictionary hangs heavily over the translation. Single syllable words are often treated as two. Articles are allided with the nouns in the Italian Style, i.e., Th' orchard. Often rather straightforward German becomes rather hilariously fancy English as in "Now to the wonted stable back full udder'd and refresh'd the milky drove returns." We feel that — even in an English speaking country — a return to the original German is warranted.

—Craig Smith

## MORE H&H CONCERTS

AT SYMPHONY HALL

**Bach: *St. John Passion***

**March 22 and 24 at 8 p.m.**

Christopher Hogwood and the H&H chorus and period orchestra perform one of Bach's most moving choral works with Sharon Baker, soprano;

Marietta Simpson, mezzo-soprano; Jon Humphrey, tenor;

Jan Opalach, bass-baritone; and Richard Zeller, bass.

**Handel: *From Concerti Grossi, Op. 6 and Terpsichore — A Baroque Ballet***

**April 5 and 7 at 8 p.m.**

The acclaimed New York Baroque Dance Company joins Christopher Hogwood and the H&H period orchestra in a spectacular program of colorful Baroque ballet.

**A Mozart Gala: *Symphony No. 39; Piano Concerto No. 12***

**and Aria: *Ch'io mi scordi di te***

**April 26 at 8 p.m. and April 28 at 3 p.m.**

A celebration of Mozart's music! This concert program, like those in the 18th century, is designed to provide the utmost variety. Christopher Hogwood and the H&H period orchestra perform with Emma Kirkby, soprano, and Jeffrey Kahane, fortepiano.

**To purchase tickets to H&H concerts:**

Visit the H&H Box Office at 295 Huntington Ave., Boston,

Monday - Friday, 10 a.m. - 6 p.m.; Thursdays till 8 p.m.

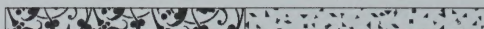
Or call Ticketron Phone Charge at 1-800-382-8080. Subscribers call (617)266-3605.

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## PROGRAM NOTES

### Franz Joseph Haydn Die Jahreszeiten (The Seasons)

The first public performance of Haydn's *Creation* in March 1799 aroused unprecedented enthusiasm in Vienna and everywhere else the work was heard. It was quickly hailed as the greatest single work by the greatest living composer. Before long it was ranked with Handel's *Messiah* as one of the two greatest compositions ever written, and before very many years had passed, a group of musically minded inhabitants of far-off Boston had founded an organization devoted to giving regular performances of these two great works, naming their association after the composers involved.

It is scarcely surprising that, following such a signal success, Haydn might be interested in following it up with another composition in the same style. But the idea for a sequel to *The Creation* came not from the composer himself, but from Baron van Swieten, who had adapted an English libretto for that oratorio into the German text that Haydn actually set. Van Swieten had certain gifts in both literary and musical endeavors, and he was a first-class organizer. It was he who suggested to Haydn the composition of a new large-scale work for chorus and orchestra based on a poem that enjoyed enormous popularity in the 18th century, *The Seasons*, by James Thompson (1700-1748), known not only in England, but also in German-speaking countries by way of a translation made in mid-century by B. H. Brockes. Van Swieten, who knew both the English original and the translation, urged, pressed, badgered, bedeviled, and provoked Haydn to undertake the project, just as he had done (though with much less resistance on the composer's part) in the composition of *The Creation*.

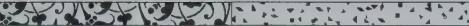
Haydn was reluctant to take on such a large project owing to age and ill health. Perhaps he sensed, too, that it would be impossible to match the sublimity of the great scenes in the earlier work, inspired as they were by the creation story in Genesis and Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Van Swieten would not

accept rejection; he crafted a libretto very freely after Thompson, selecting the passages that seemed to him suitable for a musical setting, and embellishing the whole with a good infusion of his own moralizing. Haydn himself criticized the libretto for its platitudes (such as the chorus in praise of industry during "Autumn"), but he rose to the challenge of shaping the disparate whole into a musical unity.

He was concerned, too, about the number of passages that seemed to call for "word-painting," or picturesque imitation of natural phenomena. He had created detailed musical illustrations with rare imagination in *The Creation*, but some critics regarded the effort as beneath his dignity, and he was reluctant to court such disapproval again. The composer expressed his chagrin with precisely those passages of the text that offered pictorial opportunities—then went right ahead and composed them with unflinching inventiveness. The examples of tone-painting in *The Seasons* are no less delightful than those in *The Creation*, and they illustrate how perfectly Haydn's art is balanced between the concrete and the abstract.

Haydn had never been a fast composer, and he had a great deal of trouble completing *The Seasons*. He planned the work carefully, from the overall plan of the piece down to the smallest detail. The libretto encompasses an entire year—both a literal calendar year with all the activities that entails in country life and, less obviously, a metaphorical representation of the span of human life. Appropriately, Haydn's music is wonderfully inclusive, ranging in style from severe contrapuntal elaboration to light melodies with the character of folk tunes. There is bright music designed to accompany dancing and drinking, languorous music for the heat of summer, vigorous music for the rollicking sounds of the hunt (reflecting Haydn's own experiences following the hounds during his younger days in Esterhazy service). His imagination remained at top form in the invention of musical analogues to the natural world,





in the use of expressive orchestral colors to create mood, in the varied solutions to the problems of form. The work may lack the simple but majestic narrative flow of *The Creation*, but Haydn's offers rich compensation. Where *The Creation* told a linear tale, moving straight from God's summoning of the first light to Adam and Eve in the garden, *The Seasons* provides a series of largely unrelated genre scenes and moralizing commentary, divided into four sections, each with its own particular character. The musical numbers that make up these diverse types of music are all fairly short, but Haydn carefully balanced them for contrast and assembled them into coherent larger groupings. Each of the four subdivisions begins with an orchestral tone-painting.

*Spring* moves from winter to the first burgeoning of buds in the new year, then concentrates on the business of planting with a delicious aria incorporating one of Haydn's most popular tunes, from the second movement of the "Surprise" symphony, which the husbandman whistles while he works. The planting done, all present raise their voices in praise of God for the blessings of the new season.

*Summer* begins with the early light of pre-dawn; the oboe represents "the day's herald" - the crowing cock - and horn call begins with the actual notes used as a summons in Austrian villages at dawn to call the peasants to their fields. An extraordinary sunrise brings on a ferociously hot summer day, depicted in a sequence of movements in slow tempos. A summer storm comes on, and Haydn wrote what H.C. Robbins Landon considers to be the first "modern" storm scene - "that is, the first to use a really large orchestra and to make it evoke the terrors of thunder and lightning." As the storm fades, the countryside comes to life again in the sounds of nature - the quail calling its mate, the chirping of crickets, the song of the frogs. It is already evening, and the country folk look forward to the benison of "sweet slumber."

*Autumn* is in some ways the most conventional part of *The Seasons*, though it

contains wonderfully fresh music. It begins, though, in a somewhat old-fashioned way with a movement in the dotted style of the French Overture, followed by Haydn's massive setting of the sententious text in praise of Industry. Now that the harvest is in, we turn to lighter occupations - first a humorous love duet that might have come straight from one of Haydn's own comic operas, then a magnificent, vigorously realistic hunting scene. Finally everyone enjoys a richly detailed party scene of dancing and drinking, building to a wonderfully crazy "drunken" fugue - in which the singers can't seem to find the beat - building to a final drunken toast.

The dark C-minor chord that opens *Winter* leads us to the most profound passages in *The Seasons*. In his seventieth year, Haydn could not fail to be aware that winter is also a metaphor for human mortality. Even so, his music is by no means gloomy throughout, despite a number of touching farewells. A dramatic description of a traveler lost in winter's darkness turns to joy when he "suddenly" sees a distant light and finds a refuge from the storm. Inside he finds a busy spinning wheel and a bit of storytelling around the hearth. Finally the baritone soloist draws the explicit comparison between winter and the "winter of life." The final chorus brings *The Seasons* to a close in a C-major blaze of high horns and trumpets, intertwining the three soloists and the chorus (now divided into a double chorus) with emphatic and powerful orchestral backing to express the closing moral message.

Though *The Seasons* has long since taken a distant second place to *The Creation*, it contains much of the best of Haydn, demonstrating yet again his joyous love of life and of the natural world, his never-failing musical inventiveness, and - above all - his deep humanity.

—Steven Ledbetter

*Steven Ledbetter is musicologist and program annotator for the Boston Symphony Orchestra.*

# Die Jahreszeiten (The Seasons)

## DER FRÜHLING

### Nr. 1 Einleitung: Largo–Vivace

*Die Einleitung stellt den Übergang vom Winter zum Frühling dar.*

Rezitativ

*Simon*

Seht, wie der strenge Winter flieht!  
Zum fernen Pole zieht er hin.

Ihm folgt auf seinen Ruf  
der wilden Stürme brausend Heer  
mit gräßlichem Geheul.

*Lukas*

Seht, wie vom schroffen Fels der Schnee  
in trüben Strömen sich ergießt!

*Hanne*

Seht, wie vom Süden her,  
durch laue Winde sanft gelockt,  
der Frühlingsbote streicht!

### Nr. 2 Chor

*Landvolk*

Komm, holder Lenz,  
des Himmels Gabe, komm!

Aus ihrem Todesschlaf

erwecke die Natur!

*Mädchen und Weiber*

Er nahet sich, der holde Lenz;  
schon fühlen wir den linden Hauch,  
bald lebet alles wieder auf.

*Männer*

Frohlocket ja nicht allzufrüh!

Oft schleicht, in Nebel eingehüllt,  
der Winter wohl zurück und streut  
auf Blüt' und Keim sein starres Gift.

*Alle*

Komm, holder Lenz,  
des Himmels Gabe, komm!

Auf unsere Fluren senke dich,  
komm, holder Lenz, o komm!  
Und weile länger nicht!

### Nr. 3 Rezitativ

*Simon*

Vom Widder strahlet jetzt  
die helle Sonn' auf uns herab.  
Nun weichen Frost und Dampf,  
und schweben laue Dünst' umher.  
Der Erde Busen ist gelöst;  
erheitert ist die Luft.

### Nr. 4 Arie

*Simon*

Schon eilet froh der Ackersmann  
zur Arbeit auf das Feld;  
in langen Furchen schreitet er  
dem Pfluge flötend nach.  
In abgemessenem Gange dann  
wirft er den Samen aus;  
den birgt der Acker treu  
und reift ihn bald  
zur goldnen Frucht.

## SPRING

### No. 1 Introduction: Largo–Vivace

*The Introduction depicts the transition from winter to spring.*

Recitative

*Simon*

See how stern winter flees!  
He passes to the distant pole.  
There follow at his call  
the raging and unruly storms  
with all their fearful noise.

*Lucas*

See how the snow from craggy rocks  
pours down in mighty torrents!

*Hanne*

See how from the south,  
borne on gentle breezes,  
spring's messenger appears!

### No. 2 Chorus

*Countryfolk*

Come, gentle spring,  
gift of the heavens, come!  
awaken nature  
from its deathlike sleep!  
*Girls and Women*  
Gentle spring approaches,  
we feel its healing breath,  
soon all will come to life again.

*Men*

Do not rejoice too soon!  
Often with fogs and cold  
winter creeps back, and pours  
its poison on bud and blossom.

*All*

Come, gentle spring,  
gift of the heavens, come!  
Descend to our meadows;  
Come, gentle spring, Oh come,  
delay no longer!

### No. 3 Recitative

*Simon*

The sun from Aries now streams  
its glorious light upon us.  
now frost and dampness yield,  
and heat haze swirls around.  
the breast of nature is unburdened,  
and the air serene.

### No. 4 Aria

*Simon*

The ploughman hurries cheerfully  
To labor in the field;  
He strides along the furrows  
Behind the speedy plough.  
At intervals he casts the seed  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
Which guards it well,  
Until it ripens  
Into golden fruit.





Nr. 5 Rezitativ

*Lukas*

Der Landmann hat sein Werk vollbracht  
und weder Müh' noch Fleiß gespart.  
Den Lohn erwartet er  
aus Händen der Natur,  
und fleht darum den Himmel an.

Nr. 6 Terzett und Chor

*Lukas und Chor*

Sei nun gnädig, milder Himmel!  
Öffne dich und träufe Segen  
über unser Land herab!

*Lukas*

Laß deinen Tau die Erde wässern!

*Simon*

Laß Regenguß die Furchen tränken!

*Hanne*

Lass deine Lüfte wehen sanft,  
Lass deine Sonne scheinen hell!

*Alle Drei*

Uns sprießet Überfluß alsdann,  
und deiner Güte Dank und Ruhm.

*Chor*

Sei nun gnädig, milder Himmel!  
Öffne dich und träufe Segen  
über unser Land herab!

Laß deinen Tau die Erde wässern!

Laß Regenguß die Furchen tränken!

Laß deine Lüfte wehen sanft,  
Laß deine Sonne scheinen hell!

*Alle*

Uns sprießet Überfluß alsdann,  
und deiner Güte Dank und Ruhm.

No. 5 Recitative

*Lucas*

The countryman has done his work,  
And has not spared himself.  
He awaits his reward  
From nature's hands,  
And prays for it to heaven.

No. 6 Trio and chorus

*Lucas and chorus*

Be propitious, gentle heaven!  
Open and bestow thy blessing  
On our land beneath!

*Lucas*

Water the earth with thy dew!

*Simon*

Pour rain into the furrows!

*Hanne*

Make thy breezes blow gently  
And thy sun shine brightly!

*All three*

Spread thy abundance over us,  
And we will praise thy goodness.

*Chorus*

Be propitious, gentle heaven!  
Open and bestow thy blessing  
On our land beneath!

Water the earth with thy dew!

Pour rain into the furrows!

Make thy breezes blow gently  
And thy sun shine brightly!

*All*

Spread thy abundance over us,  
And we will praise thy goodness.

No. 7 Recitative

*Hanne*

Our prayer is heard;  
Warmth gathers in the west,  
And fills the air with vapor.  
The mists gather—then the rain  
Brings out the beauties of the earth.

Nr. 8 Freudenlied,

mit abwechselndem Chore der Jugend

*Hanne*

O wie lieblich ist der Anblick  
der Gefilde jetzt!  
Kommt, ihr Mädchen, laßt uns wallen  
auf der bunten Flur!

*Lukas*

O wie lieblich ist der Anblick  
der Gefilde jetzt!

Kommt, ihr Bursche, laßt uns wallen  
zu dem grünen Hain!

*Beide*

O wie lieblich ist der Anblick  
der Gefilde jetzt!

Kommt, ihr Mädchen (Kommt, ihr Bursche)!  
Laßt uns wallen auf der bunten Flur!

*Hanne*

Seht die Lilie, seht die Rose,  
seht die Blumen all!

No. 8 Song of Joy,  
with alternating chorus of young people

*Hanne*

Oh, how lovely is the prospect  
of the meadows now!  
Come, maidens, let us wander  
o'er the country fair!

*Lucas*

Oh, how lovely is the prospect  
of the meadows now!

Come, you lads, let us sport it  
in the leafy grove!

*Both*

Oh, how lovely is the prospect  
of the meadows now!

Come, maidens (Come you lads)!  
Let us wander o'er the country fair!

*Hanne*

See the roses, see the lilies,  
all the lovely flowers!

(please turn the page quietly)



*Lukas*

Seht die Auen, seht die Wiesen,  
seht die Felder all!

*Chor: Mädchen und Bursche*

O wie lieblich ist der Anblick  
der Gefilde jetzt!

Laßt uns wallen auf der bunten Flur!  
Laßt uns wallen zu dem grünen Hain!

*Hanne*

Seht die Erde, seht die Wasser,  
seht die helle Luft!

*Lukas*

Alles lebet, alles schwebet,  
alles reget sich.

*Beide*

Seht die Lämmer, wie sie springen.  
Seht die Fische, welch Gewimmel!  
Seht die Bienen, wie sie schwärmen.  
Seht die Vögel, welch Geflatter!

*Chor*

Alles lebet, alles schwebet,  
alles reget sich.

Welche Freude, welche Wonne  
schwellet unser Herz!

Süße Triebe, sanfte Reize  
heben unsre Brust.

*Simon*

Was ihr fühlet, was euch reizet  
ist des Schöpfers Hauch.

*Chor*

Laßt uns ehren, laßt uns loben,  
laßt uns preisen ihn!

Laßt erschallen, ihm zu danken,  
eure Stimmen hoch!

Es erschallen, ihm zu danken,  
unsre Stimmen hoch!

Nr. 9 Chor mit Soli

*Alle*

Ewiger, mächtiger, gütiger Gott!

*Hanne, Lukas, Simon*

Von deinem Segensmahle hast du gelabet uns.

*Männer*

Mächtiger Gott!

*Hanne, Lukas, Simon*

Vom Strome deiner Freuden

hast du getränkt uns.

Gütiger Gott!

*Alle*

Ewiger, mächtiger, gütiger Gott!

Ehre, Lob und Preis sei dir,

ewiger, gütiger, mächtiger Gott!

*Lucas*

See the valleys, see the meadows,  
see the rolling fields!

*Chorus of Girls and Youths*

Oh, how lovely is the prospect  
of the meadows now!

Let us wander o'er the country fair!  
Let us sport it in the leafy grove!

*Hanne*

See the earth, see the water,  
see the azure sky!

*Lucas*

All is living, all pulsating,  
joy is everywhere.

*Both*

See the lambs, how they frisk.

See the fishes nimbly darting!

See the bees, how they swarm.

See the birds gaily twittering!

*Chorus*

All is living, all pulsating,  
joy is everywhere.

Oh, what joy, what delight  
rises in our hearts!

Sweet sensations, joyous longings  
fill us with delight.

*Simon*

These sensations that possess you  
are the Creator's breath.

*Chorus*

Let us honor, let us praise,  
let us glorify him!

Let our thanks to Him resound,  
raise your voices high!

While our thanks to Him resound  
we raise our voices high!

No. 9 Chorus with soloists

*All*

Eternal, mighty, bountiful God!

*Hanne, Lucas, Simon*

With Thy blessings thou hast favored us.

*Men*

Mighty God!

*Hanne, Lucas, Simon*

From the stream of Thy blessings

Thou hast given us to drink.

Bountiful God!

*All*

Eternal, mighty, bountiful God!

Honor, glory and praise be to Thee,

Eternal, mighty, bountiful God!





## DER SOMMER

### Einleitung

*Die Einleitung stellt die Morgendämmerung vor.*

### Nr. 10 Rezitativ

*Lucas*

In grauem Schleier rückt heran  
das sanfte Morgenlicht;  
mit lahmen Schritten weicht vor ihm  
die träge Nacht zurück.  
Zu düstren Höhlen flieht  
der Leichenvögel blinde Schar;  
ihr dumpfer Klage-ton  
beklemmt das bange Herz nicht mehr.

*Simon*

Des Tages Herold meldet sich;  
mit scharfem Laute ruft er  
zu neuer Tätigkeit  
den ausgeruhten Landmann auf.

### Nr. 11 Arie

*Simon*

Der muntre Hirt versammelt nun  
die frohen Herden um sich her;  
zur fetten Weid' auf grünen Höh'n  
treibt er sie langsam fort.  
Nach Osten blickend steht er dann  
auf seinem Stabe hingelehnt,  
zu sehn den ersten Sonnenstrahl,  
welchem er entgegenharrt.

### Rezitativ

*Hanne*

Die Morgenröte bricht hervor,  
wie Rauch verfliehet das leichte Gewölk.  
Der Himmel pranget im hellen Azur,  
der Berge Gipfel im feurigen Gold.

### Nr. 12 Terzett und Chor

*Hanne, Lucas, Simon*

Sie steigt herauf, die Sonne, sie steigt,  
sie naht, sie kommt,  
sie strahlt, sie scheint!

*Chor*

Sie scheint in herrlicher Pracht,  
in flammender Majestät!  
Heil, o Sonne, Heil!

O du, des Weltalls Seel' und Aug',  
Des Lichts und Lebens Quelle, Heil!  
Der Gottheit schönstes Bild,  
dich grüßen dankbar wir!

*Hanne, Lucas, Simon*

Wer spricht sie aus, die Freuden alle,  
die deine Huld in uns erweckt?  
Wer zählet sie, die Segen alle,  
die deine Mild' auf uns ergießt?

*Chor*

Die Freuden, o wer spricht sie aus?  
Die Segen, o wer zählet sie?

Wer spricht sie aus? Wer zählet sie? Wer?

## SUMMER

### Introduction

*The Introduction depicts the sunrise.*

### No. 10 Recitative

*Lucas*

In a grey veil approaches  
the gentle morning light,  
and at its coming slink away  
the faltering steps of night.  
The ominous birds of darkness  
flee to their dark abodes;  
Their dismal cries  
no more affright the heart.

*Simon*

The feathered herald of day  
sings joyously, to rouse  
to new activity  
the countryman from his rest.

### No. 11 Aria

*Simon*

The shepherd now assembles  
the bleating flock around him;  
slowly he drives them on  
to the verdant hills.  
He faces toward the east,  
leaning on his crook,  
to see the first rays of the sun  
bring in the dawning day.

### Recitative

*Hanne*

The sun now rises in the east,  
banishing the clouds;  
the sky is azure, the mountain  
peaks bathed in fiery gold.

### No. 12 Trio and Chorus

*Hanne, Lucas, Simon*

The sun ascends on high,  
approaching nearer,  
radiant, resplendent.

*Chorus*

It shines in splendid glory,  
in flaming majesty.  
Hail, O sun, hail!  
The source of light and life!  
Thou soul and eye of the universe,  
fairest image of divinity,  
we greet and thank thee!

*Hanne, Lucas, Simon*

Who can express all the delight  
which thy grace awakens in us?  
Who can number all the blessings  
which thy mercy showers on us?

*Chorus*

The joys, who can express?  
The blessings, who can number?  
Who express them, who number them, who?

*(please turn the page quietly)*



*Hanne, Lukas, Simon*

Dir danken wir, was uns ergötzt.  
Dir danken wir, was uns belebt.  
Dir danken wir, was uns erhält.  
Dem Schöpfer aber danken wir,  
was deine Kraft vermag.

*Alle*

Heil, o Sonne, Heil!  
Des Lichts und Lebens Quelle, Heil!  
Dir jauchzen alle Stimmen,  
dir jauchzet die Natur!

Nr. 13 Rezitativ

*Simon*

Nun regt und bewegt sich alles umher;  
ein buntes Gewühl bedeckt die Flur.  
Dem braunen Schnitter neigt sich  
der Saaten wallende Flut,  
die Sense blitzt—da sinkt das Korn;  
doch steht es bald und aufgehäuft  
in festen Garben wieder da.

Nr. 14 Rezitativ

*Lukas*

Die Mittagssonne brennet jetzt  
in voller Glut und gießt  
durch die entwölkte Luft  
ihr mächtiges Feuer in Strömen hinab.  
Ob den gesengten Flächen schwebt  
in niederm Qualm ein blendend Meer  
von Licht und Widerschein.

Nr. 15 Kavatine

*Lukas*

Dem Druck erliegt die Natur.  
Welke Blumen, dürre Wiesen,  
trock'ne Quellen:  
alles zeigt der Hitze Wut,  
und kraftlos schmachten Mensch und Tier am  
Boden hingestreckt.

Nr. 16 Rezitativ

*Hanne*

Willkommen jetzt, o dunkler Hain,  
wo der bejahrten Eiche Dach  
den kühlenden Schirm gewährt,  
und wo der schlanken Espe Laub  
mit leisem Gelispel rauscht!  
Am weichen Moose rieselt da  
in heller Flut der Bach,  
und fröhlich summend irrt und wirrt  
die bunte Sonnenbrut;  
der Kräuter reinen Balsamduft  
verbreitet Zephirs Hauch,  
und aus dem nahen Busche tönt  
des jungen Schäfers Rohr.

*Hanne, Lucas, Simon*

We thank thee for joy.  
We thank thee for vigor.  
We thank thee for sustaining us.  
But it is the Creator  
whom we thank for all the power.

*Alle*

Hail, O sun, hail!  
The source of light and life.  
All voices praise thee,  
nature praises thee.

No. 13 Recitative

*Simon*

Now all things stir themselves;  
the field is decked with rich display,  
the reaper bends his back  
amid the sea of grain;  
the scythe flashes—the corn falls,  
But soon it is erect again,  
Secure in firm sheaves.

No. 14 Recitative

*Lucas*

The noonday sun now burns  
at its full strength, and pours  
through the cloudless air  
its fierce fire in torrents.  
The earth is scorched,  
and amid the haze of heat  
is dazzling light and its reflection.

No. 15 Cavatina

*Lucas*

Nature sinks beneath the burden.  
Withered flowers, parched fields,  
dried-up springs:  
all languish in the heat,  
while human and beast  
lie exhausted on the ground.

No. 16 Recitative

*Hanne*

Now welcome shady groves,  
where the aged oak tree  
offers a cool shelter,  
where the leaves of slender aspens  
rustle gently in the breeze!  
Between its mossy banks  
a streamlet rolls along;  
above its surface gaily hum  
the insect children of summer,  
while the sweet scent of herbs  
is borne upon the zephyrs,  
and from a bower comes the sound  
of a young shepherd's pipe.





Nr. 17 Arie

*Hanne*

Welche Labung für die Sinne!  
Welch' Erholung für das Herz!  
Jeden Aderzweig durchströmet,  
und in jeder Nerve beb't  
erquickendes Gefühl.  
Die Seele wachet auf  
zu reizendem Genuß,  
und neue Kraft erhebt  
durch milden Drang die Brust.

Nr. 18 Rezitativ

*Simon*

O seht! Es steigt in der schwülen Luft  
am hohen Saume des Gebirgs  
von Dampf und Dunst ein fahler Nebel auf.  
Empor gedrängt, dehnt er sich aus  
und hüllet bald den Himmelsraum  
in schwarzes Dunkel ein.

*Lucas*

Hört, wie vom Tal ein dumpf Gebrüll  
den wilden Sturm verkünd't!  
Seht, wie von Unheil schwer  
die finst're Wolke langsam zieht  
und drohend auf die Eb'ne sinkt!

*Hanne*

In banger Ahnung stockt  
das Leben der Natur.  
Kein Tier, kein Blatt bewegt sich,  
und Todesstille herrscht umher!

Nr. 19 Chor

Ach, das Ungewitter naht!  
Hilf uns, Himmel!  
O, wie der Donner rollt!  
O, wie die Winde toben!  
Wo flieh'n wir hin?  
Flammende Blitze durchwühlen die Luft;  
von zackigen Keilen berstet die Wolke,  
und Güsse stürzen herab.  
Wo ist Rettung?  
Wütend rast der Sturm!  
Der weite Himmel entbrennt!  
Weh' uns Armen!  
Schmetternd krachen, Schlag auf Schlag,  
die schweren Donner fürchterlich.  
Weh' uns, weh' uns!  
Erschüttert wankt die Erde  
bis in des Meeres Grund.

No. 17 Aria

*Hanne*

What refreshment for the senses!  
What healing for the heart!  
Flowing through every vein,  
trembling in every nerve  
is revivifying power.  
The spirit awakens  
to feelings of delight,  
and new strength fills the breast  
with hope and aspiration.

No. 18 Recitative

*Simon*

Behold! In the sultry air  
amid the mountain peaks  
the mist gives place to darkening gloom.  
The clouds extend,  
and soon the sky  
is clad in black.

*Lucas*

Hark, how rumbling in the valley  
heralds the approaching storm!  
See, how threateningly  
the dark clouds lower,  
menacing the plain below!

*Hanne*

All nature's life stands still  
in fearful apprehension.  
No beast, no foliage stirs,  
and deathly silence reigns!

No. 19 Chorus

Alas, the tempest is on us!  
Help us, Heaven!  
How the thunder rolls,  
how the winds rage!  
Where can we flee?  
Lightning tears through the air,  
its jagged points burst the clouds,  
and water falls in torrents.  
Where is safety?  
The tempest rages;  
the skies are rent.  
Have pity on us!  
Peal after dreadful peal  
of thunder strike terror in all.  
Alas, we are lost!  
The earth trembles  
to the very bed of the sea.



## Nr. 20 Terzett und Chor

*Lukas*

Die düstren Wolken trennen sich,  
gestillet ist der Stürme Wut.

*Hanne*

Vor ihrem Untergange  
blickt noch die Sonn' empor,  
und von dem letzten Strahle glänzt  
mit Perlschmuck geziert die Flur.

*Simon*

Zum langgewohnten Stalle kehrt,  
gesättigt und erfrischt,  
das fette Rind zurück.

*Alle Drei*

Dem Gatten ruft die Wachtel schon.  
Im Grase zirpt die Grille froh,  
und aus dem Sumpfe quakt der Frosch.  
Die Abendglocke tönt;  
von oben winkt der helle Stern  
und ladet uns zur sanften Ruh.

*Männer*

Mädchen, Bursche, Weiber, kommt,  
uns wartet süßer Schlaf,  
wie reines Herz, gesunder Leib  
und Tages Arbeit ihn gewährt.

Mädchen, Bursche, Weiber, kommt!

*Mädchen*

Wir gehen, wir folgen euch.

*Alle*

Die Abendglocke hat getönt;  
von oben winkt der helle Stern  
und ladet uns zur sanften Ruh.

## No. 20 Trio and chorus

*Lucas*

The black clouds disperse,  
the storm's rage is stilled.

*Hanne*

Before it goes to rest  
the sun appears once more,  
and its last gentle beams  
deck the fields with pearls.

*Simon*

To its familiar stall,  
nourished and refreshed,  
the sleek cow returns.

*All three*

The quail calls her mate.  
The cricket chirps in the grass,  
and in the swamp a frog croaks.  
The evening bell rings out;  
a bright star shines above,  
inviting us to find repose.

*Men*

Girls, youths and women, come,  
sweet sleep awaits us;  
a true heart, good health and  
a day's work done are its guarantee.  
Girls, youths and women, come!

*Women*

We are coming, we follow you.

*All*

The evening bell rings out;  
a bright star shines above,  
inviting us to find repose.

## DER HERBST

### Nr. 21 Einleitung: Allegretto

*Der Einleitung Gegenstand ist des Landmanns  
freudiges Gefühl über die reiche Ernte.*

*Rezitativ*

*Hanne*

Was durch seine Blüte  
der Lenz zuerst versprach,  
was durch seine Wärme  
der Sommer reifen hieß,  
zeigt der Herbst in Fülle  
dem frohen Landmann jetzt.

### Nr. 22 Rezitativ

*Lukas*

Den reichen Vorrat führt er nun  
auf hochbeladenen Wagen ein.  
Kaum faßt der weiten Scheune Raum,  
was ihm sein Feld hervorgebracht.

*Simon*

Sein heitres Auge blickt umher,  
es mißt den aufgetürmten Segen ab,  
und Freude strömt in seine Brust.

## AUTUMN

### No. 21 Introduction: Allegretto

*The subject of the Introduction is the countryman's  
feeling of joy occasioned by a good harvest.*

*Recitative*

*Hanne*

What spring promised  
with its blossom,  
what summer's warmth  
brought to fruition,  
autumn now shows in its fulness  
to the joyful countryman.

### No. 22 Recitative

*Lucas*

He brings the harvest in,  
piled high on a wagon.  
The spacious barn can scarce contain  
what he has gathered from his field.

*Simon*

He gazes happily around  
at all the blessings he has received,  
and joy wells up within his breast.





Nr. 23 Terzett und Chor

*Simon*

So lohnet die Natur den Fleiß,  
ihn ruft, ihn lacht sie an;  
ihn muntert sie durch Hoffnung auf,  
ihm steht sie willig bei;  
ihm wirket sie mit voller Kraft.

*Hanne, Lukas*

Von dir, o Fleiß, kommt alles Heil.  
Die Hütte, die uns schirmt,  
die Wolle, die uns deckt,  
die Speise, die uns nährt,  
ist deine Gab', ist dein Geschenk.

*Hanne, Lukas, Simon*

O Fleiß, o edler Fleiß!  
Von dir kommt alles Heil.  
Du flößest Tugend ein,  
und rohe Sitten milderst du.  
Du wehrest Laster ab  
und reinigst der Menschen Herz.  
Du stärkest Mut und Sinn  
zum Guten und zu jeder Pflicht.

*Alle*

O Fleiß, o edler Fleiß!  
Von dir kommt alles Heil.  
Die Hütte, die uns schirmt,  
die Wolle, die uns deckt,  
die Speise, die uns nährt,  
ist deine Gab', ist dein Geschenk.

Nr. 24 Rezitativ

*Hanne*

Seht, wie zum Haselbusche dort  
die rasche Jugend eilt!  
An jedem Aste schwinget sich  
der Kleinen lose Schar,  
und der bewegten Staud' entstürzt  
gleich Hagelschau'r die lockre Frucht.

*Simon*

Hier klimmt der junge Bau'r  
den hohen Stamm entlang  
die Leiter flink hinauf.  
Vom Gipfel, der ihn deckt,  
sieht er sein Liebchen nah'n,  
und ihrem Tritt entgegen  
fliegt dann im trauten Scherze  
die runde Nuß herab.

*Lukas*

Im Garten stehn um jeden Baum  
die Mädchen gross und klein,  
dem Obste, das sie klauben,  
an frischer Farbe gleich.

No. 23 Trio and Chorus

*Simon*

So nature rewards honest toil,  
and smiles on diligence;  
encouraging by bringing hope  
and granting the assistance  
of all its mighty power.

*Hanne, Lucas*

From diligence all good proceeds.  
The homestead which protects us,  
the wool which clothes us,  
the food which sustains us  
is thy gift, thy bequest.

*Hanne, Lucas, Simon*

O diligence, honest labor!  
From thee all good proceeds.  
Thou impartest blessings,  
smoothing rough customs over.  
Thou fightest against vice,  
purifying the human heart,  
fortifying the senses  
to favor goodness and duty.

*All*

O diligence, honest labor!  
From thee all good proceeds.  
The homestead which protects us,  
the wool which clothes us,  
the food which sustains us  
is thy gift, thy bequest.

No. 24 Recitative

*Hanne*

See how toward that hazel wood  
the crowd of children run!  
They swarm up into the foliage,  
a cheerful, laughing host,  
and from the shaken branches  
falls the loose fruit like a shower of hail.

*Simon*

Here the country lad  
nimble mounts a ladder  
into the heights of the tree.  
Concealed behind a leafy screen  
he sees his sweetheart approach,  
and down before her feet,  
as a familiar lover's trick,  
he throws a round nut.

*Lucas*

In the garden, round every tree  
stand maidens tall and short,  
their coloring as fresh  
as the fruit they are picking.



Nr. 25 Duett

*Lukas*

Ihr Schönen aus der Stadt, kommt her!  
Blickt an die Tochter der Natur,  
die weder Putz noch Schminke ziert!  
Da seht mein Hannchen, seht!  
Ihr blüht Gesundheit auf den Wangen,  
im Auge lacht Zufriedenheit,  
und aus dem Munde spricht das Herz,  
wenn sie mir Liebe schwört.

*Hanne*

Ihr Herrchen süß und fein, bleibt weg!  
Hier schwinden eure Künste ganz,  
und glatte Worte wirken nicht;  
man gibt euch kein Gehör.  
Nicht Gold, nicht Pracht kann uns verblenden.  
Ein redlich Herz ist, was uns rührt,  
und meine Wünsche sind erfüllt,  
wenn treu mir Lukas ist.

*Lukas*

Blätter fallen ab,  
Früchte welken hin,  
Tag' und Jahr' vergehn,  
nur meine Liebe nicht.

*Hanne*

Schöner grünt das Blatt,  
süßer schmeckt die Frucht,  
heller glänzt der Tag,  
wenn deine Liebe spricht.

*Beide*

Welch ein Glück ist treue Liebe!  
Unsre Herzen sind vereinet,  
trennen kann sie Tod allein.  
Liebstes Hannchen! (Bester Lukas!)  
Lieben und geliebet werden  
ist der Freuden höchster Gipfel,  
ist des Lebens Wonn' und Glück.

Nr. 26 Rezitativ

*Simon*

Nun zeigt das entblößte Feld  
der ungebet'nen Gäste Zahl,  
die an den Halmen Nahrung fand,  
und irrend jetzt sie weiter sucht.  
Des kleinen Raubes klaget nicht  
der Landmann, der ihn kaum bemerkt;  
dem Übermaße wünscht er doch  
nicht ausgestellt zu sein.  
Was ihn dagegen sichern mag,  
sieht er als Wohltat an,  
und willig frönt er dann zur Jagd,  
die seinen guten Herrn ergötzt.

Nr. 27 Arie

*Simon*

Seht auf die breiten Wiesen hin!  
Seht, wie der Hund im Grase streift!  
Am Boden sucht er die Spur  
und geht ihr unablässig nach.  
Jetzt aber reißt Begierd' ihn fort;  
er horcht auf Ruf und Stimme nicht mehr;  
er eilet zu haschen - da stockt sein Lauf,  
nun steht er unbewegt wie Stein.  
Dem nahen Feinde zu entgehn,  
erhebt der scheue Vogel sich;  
doch rettet ihn nicht schneller Flug.

No. 25 Duet

*Lucas*

You beauties from the town, come here,  
behold the daughter of nature  
who uses neither paint nor powder!  
Look at my Hanne!  
Good health blossoms on her cheeks,  
contentment smiles in her eyes,  
and she speaks what's in her heart  
when she declares her love to me.

*Hanne*

You honey-tongued men, away!  
Your arts will be of no avail,  
and smooth words will have no effect;  
no one will give you an ear.  
Gold and riches cannot blind us.  
An honest heart alone can move us,  
and all my wishes are fulfilled  
if Lucas is but true to me.

*Lucas*

Leaves drop down  
and fruit withers.  
Days and years end,  
but never my love.

*Hanne*

The leaves are greener,  
fruit tastes sweeter,  
the day is brighter  
when you speak of love!

*Both*

What delight is faithful love!  
Our hearts are united,  
only death can part us.  
Dearest Hanne! (Darling Lucas!)  
To love and to be loved  
is the highest peak of joy,  
making life a thing of bliss.

No. 26 Recitative

*Simon*

Now the stripped fields  
have nothing more to offer  
the unbidden guests who fed there,  
and they search for food elsewhere.  
Such petty theft does not annoy  
the farmer, who scarce knows of it;  
but greater robbery he hopes  
to be defended from.  
Whatever can protect him thus  
he thinks a deed of kindness,  
and glad he is to see the hunt  
which his good master loves.

No. 27 Aria

*Simon*

See, across the open ground  
how the dog tracks through the grass!  
Eagerly he seeks the scent,  
then follows it unflinching.  
But now his hunting blood is up,  
no longer heeding guiding calls.  
He darts ahead - then stops abruptly,  
standing as motionless as stone.  
In order to escape this foe  
the game bird rises on the wing;  
yet swift flight cannot rescue him.





Es blitzt, es knallt, ihn erreicht das Blei,  
und wirft ihn tot aus der Luft herab.

Nr. 28 Rezitativ

*Lukas*

Hier treibt ein dichter Kreis  
die Hasen aus dem Lager auf.  
Von allen Seiten hingedrängt  
hilft ihnen keine Flucht.  
Schon fallen sie und liegen bald  
in Reihen freudig hingeählt.

Nr. 29 Chor der Landleute und Jäger

Hört das laute Getön,  
das dort im Walde klinget!  
Welch ein lautes Getön  
durchklingt den ganzen Wald!  
Es ist der gellenden Hörner Schall,  
der gierigen Hunde Gebelle.  
Schon flieht der aufgesprengte Hirsch,  
ihm rennen die Doggen und Reiter nach.  
Er flieht, er flieht. O wie er streckt!  
Ihm rennen die Doggen und Reiter nach.  
O wie er springt! O wie er sich streckt!  
Da bricht er aus den Gesträuchen hervor  
und läuft über Feld in das Dickicht hinein.  
Jetzt hat er die Hunde getäuscht;  
zerstreuet schwärmen sie umher.  
Die Hunde sind zerstreut,  
sie schwärmen hin und her.  
Tajo! Tajo! Tajo!  
Der Jäger Ruf, der Hörner Klang  
versammelt aufs neue sie.  
Ho! Ho! Tajo! Tajo!  
Mit doppeltem Eifer stürzt nun  
der Haufe vereint auf die Fährte los.  
Tajo! Tajo! Tajo!  
Von seinen Feinden eingeholt,  
an Mut und Kräften ganz erschöpft,  
erliegt nun das schnelle Tier.  
Sein nahes Ende kündigt an  
des tönenden Erzes Jubellied,  
der freudigen Jäger Siegeslaut.  
Halali, Halali, Halali!  
Den Tod des Hirsches kündigt an  
des tönenden Erzes Jubellied,  
der freudigen Jäger Siegeslaut.  
Halali, Halali, Halali!

Nr. 30 Rezitativ

*Hanne*

Am Rebenstocke blinket jetzt  
die helle Traub' in vollem Saft  
und ruft dem Winzer freundlich zu,  
daß er zu lesen sie nicht weile.

*Simon*

Schon werden Kuf' und Faß  
zum Hügel hingebacht,  
und aus den Hütten strömet  
zum frohen Tagewerke  
das muntre Volk herbei.

*Hanne*

Seht, wie den Berg hinan  
von Menschen alles wimmelt!  
Hört, wie der Freudenton  
von jeder Seit' erschallet!

A flash, a crack, and leaden shot  
brings him lifeless to the ground.

No. 28 Recitative

*Lukas*

A band of hunters drives the hares  
from cover where they felt secure.  
Bounded in on every side  
they find no way to flee.  
Soon they are dispatched  
and lain in rows as booty.

No. 29 Chorus of Countryfolk and Huntsmen

Hark to the loud noise  
resounding through the woods!  
What a loud noise resounds  
throughout the woods!  
It is the sound of strident horns,  
the baying of the hounds.  
The stag is roused, see how it runs,  
pursued by hounds and huntsmen.  
It flees, it flees, how swift it goes,  
pursued by hounds and huntsmen.  
How it leaps! See how it runs!  
It rushes across the open field  
into the sheltering thicket.  
Now it has deceived the hounds.  
Dispersed, they ramble and stray about.  
Now the hounds have lost the scent,  
and scatter, searching here and there.  
Tally ho! Tally ho! Tally ho!  
The huntsmen's call, the summoning horn  
bring them together again.  
Ho! Ho! Tally ho! Tally ho!  
With energy redoubled now  
the pack resumes the chases.  
Tally ho! Tally ho! Tally ho!  
Run to earth by its foes,  
its strength and all hope gone,  
the swift beast now sinks down.  
Its end is proclaimed  
by the jubilant horns  
and the victory call of the huntsmen.  
Hooray, hooray, hooray!  
The death of the stag is proclaimed  
by the jubilant horns  
and the victory call of the huntsmen.  
Hooray, hooray, hooray!

No. 30 Recitative

*Hanne*

Now upon their vines  
the grapes are ripe and juicy.  
They show the time has come  
for the vintage harvest to be gathered.

*Simon*

Now the baskets and vats  
are brought to the vineyard,  
and from their cottages  
to help in the joyous work  
the countryfolk stream.

*Hanne*

See how the hillside  
is thronged with people,  
while a song of joy  
rings out on every side!

*(please turn the page quietly)*



*Lukas*

Die Arbeit fördert lachender Scherz  
vom Morgen bis zum Abend hin,  
und dann erhebt der brausende Most  
die Fröhlichkeit zum Lustgeschrei.

Nr. 31 Chor

Juhhe! Juhhe! Der Wein ist da,  
die Tonnen sind gefüllt.  
Nun laßt uns fröhlich sein, und  
juhhe, juhhe, juh! aus vollem Halse schrein.  
Lasst uns trinken! Trinket, Brüder!  
Lasst uns fröhlich sein.  
Juhe, juh! Es lebe der Wein!  
Es lebe das Land, wo er uns reift!  
Es lebe das Faß, das ihn verwahrt!  
Es lebe der Krug, woraus er fließt!  
Kommt, ihr Brüder, füllt die Kannen.  
leert die Becher! Laßt uns fröhlich sein!  
Heida! Laßt uns fröhlich sein, und  
juhhe, juhhe, juh! aus vollem Halse schrein!  
Nun tönen die Pfeifen und wirbelt  
die Trommel.  
Hier kreischt die Fiedel, da schnarret die  
Leier,  
und dudelt der Bock.  
Schon hüpfen die Kleinen, und springen  
die Knaben;  
dort fliegen die Mädchen im Arme der  
Burschen  
den ländlichen Reih'n.  
Heisa, hopsa, laßt uns hüpfen!  
Ihr Brüder, kommt!  
Heisa, hopsa, laßt uns springen!  
Die Kannen füllt!  
Heisa, hopsa, laßt uns tanzen!  
Die Becher leert!  
Heida! Laßt uns fröhlich sein!  
Heida und juhhe! aus vollem Halse schrein!  
Jauchzet, lärmet, springet, tanzet, lachet,  
singet!  
Nun faßen wir den letzten Krug!  
Und singen dann im vollem Chor  
dem freudenreichen Rebensaft!  
Heisa, hei, juhe, juh!  
Es lebe der Wein, der edle Wein,  
der Grillen und Harm verschleicht!  
Sein Lob ertöne laut und hoch  
in tausendfachem Jubelschall!  
Heida, laßt uns fröhlich sein! und  
juhhe, juhhe, juh! aus vollem Halse schrein!

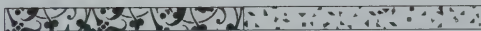
*Lucas*

This work is done mid merry jests  
all through the busy day,  
and then the bubbling new wine  
gives rise to cries of joy.

No. 31 Chorus

Joy! Joy! The wine is here,  
the vats are full.  
Now let us be gay and cry  
joy, joy, joy! from full throats.  
Let us drink! Drink, brothers!  
Let's be joyful.  
Joy! Joy! Long live wine!  
Long live the ground from which it sprang!  
Long live the cask which holds it!  
Long live the jug from which it flows!  
Come, brothers, fill the cans,  
empty the beakers, let's be joyful!  
Holla! Let's be joyful, and call  
joy, joy, joy! from full throats!  
Now play the pipes and roll the drums.  
The fiddle is scraping, the zither is twanging,  
the bagpipe is droning,  
Children are romping, boys are jumping,  
see flying the maids in the arms of their lads  
with swiftness around.  
Heysa, hopsa, quick and gayly!  
Come, you brothers!  
Heysa, hopsa, quick and gayly!  
Fill the cans!  
Heysa, hopsa, quick and gayly!  
Empty the beakers!  
Holla! Let's be joyful, and call  
joy, joy, joy! from full throats!  
Revel, riot, jump and gambol, laugh and carol!  
Now let us brim the panting cup!  
Then let us sing in chorus full  
the bright and cheerful juice of grape!  
Joy, joy, hooray!  
Long live wine, the noble wine,  
which scatters dismal fancies!  
Sing its praises loud and long  
with jubilant rejoicing!  
Holla! Let's be joyful and call  
joy, joy, joy from full throats!





## DER WINTER

Nr. 32 Einleitung: Adagio, ma non troppo  
Die Einleitung schildert die dicken Nebel,  
womit der Winter anfängt.

Nr. 33 Rezitativ  
*Simon*

Nun senket sich das blasse Jahr,  
und fallen Dünste kalt herab.  
Die Berg' umhüllt ein grauer Dampf,  
der endlich auch die Flächen drückt  
und am Mittage selbst  
der Sonne matten Strahl verschlingt.

*Hanne*  
Aus Lapplands Höhlen schreitet er  
der stürmisch düst're Winter jetzt.  
Vor seinem Tritt erstarrt  
in banger Stille die Natur.

Nr. 34 Kavatine

*Hanne*  
Licht und Leben sind geschwächt;  
Wärm' und Freude sind verschwunden.  
Unmutsvollen Tagen folget  
schwarzer Nächte lange Dauer.

Nr. 35 Rezitativ

*Lukas*  
Gefesselt steht die breite See,  
gehemmt in seinem Laufe der Strom.  
Im Sturze vom türmenden Felsen hängt  
gestockt und stumm der Wasserfall.  
Im dürrn Haine tönt kein Laut;  
die Felder deckt, die Täler füllt  
ein' ungeheure Flockenlast.  
Der Erde Bild ist nun ein Grab,  
wo Kraft und Reiz erstorben liegt,  
wo Leichenfarbe traurig herrscht,  
und wo dem Blicke weit umher  
nur öde Wüstenei sich zeigt.

Nr. 36 Arie

*Lukas*  
Hier steht der Wand'rer nun,  
verwirrt und zweifelhaft,  
wohin den Schritt er lenken soll.  
Vergebens sucht er den Weg;  
ihn leitet weder Pfad noch Spur.  
Vergebens strengt er sich an  
und wadet durch den tiefen Schnee;  
er find't sich immermehr verirrt.  
Jetzt sinket ihm der Mut,  
und Angst beklemmt sein Herz,  
da er den Tag sich neigen sieht,  
und Müdigkeit und Frost  
ihm alle Glieder lähmt.  
Doch plötzlich trifft sein spähend Aug'  
der Schimmer eines nahen Lichts.  
Da lebt er wieder auf;  
vor Freude pocht sein Herz.  
Er geht, er eilt der Hütte zu,  
wo starr und matt er Labung hofft.

## WINTER

No. 32 Introduction: Adagio, ma non troppo  
*The Introduction depicts thick fog at the approach of winter.*

No. 33 Recitative  
*Simon*

Now the faded year declines,  
Cold vapors chill the air.  
The hills are mantled in grey mist  
which soon descends to the plains,  
and even at midday  
the sun's beams are obscured.

*Hanne*  
From Lapland's caves approaching,  
harsh winter chills the land.  
Before its footsteps, nature  
is held in fearful stillness.

No. 34 Cavatina

*Hanne*  
Light and life are weakened,  
warmth and joy have vanished.  
Cheerless days follow  
long, black nights.

No. 35 Recitative

*Lucas*  
The lake is held in icy thrall,  
the river cannot run its course.  
The waterfall is held aloft,  
unable to plunge down the rocks.  
No sound is heard in the leafless wood,  
the fields are covered, valleys filled  
with mighty piles of driven snow.  
The face of earth is now a grave  
where nature's glory lies as dead,  
where deathly colors dominate,  
and where the eye on every side  
can see but barren desolation.

No. 36 Aria

*Lucas*  
Here the traveller stands  
uncertain and perplexed,  
not knowing where to go.  
In vain he seeks his way,  
no path or sign to guide him.  
He summons up his strength  
and strides through the deep snow,  
but finds himself more lost than ever.  
His courage fails him,  
dread clutches his heart  
as he sees night approach,  
and weariness and frost  
seize on his limbs.  
Then suddenly his eye  
is caught by a twinkling light.  
His spirits revive,  
his heart beats with joy.  
He makes his way toward the house  
where he hopes to find succor.



Nr. 37 Rezitativ

*Lucas*

So wie er naht, schallt in sein Ohr,  
durch heulende Winde nur erst geschreckt,  
heller Stimmen lauter Klang.

*Hanne*

Die warme Stube zeigt ihm dann  
des Dörfchens Nachbarschaft,  
vereint im trauten Kreise,  
den Abend zu verkürzen  
mit leichter Arbeit und Gespräch.

*Simon*

Am Ofen schwatzen hier  
von ihrer Jugendzeit die Väter.  
Zu Korb' und Reusen flicht  
die Weidengert', und Netze strickt  
der Söhne munt'rer Haufe dort.  
Am Rocken spinnen die Mütter,  
am laufenden Rade die Töchter,  
und ihren Fleiß belebt  
ein ungekünstelt frohes Lied.

Nr. 38 Lied mit Chor (Weiber und Mädchen)

*Chor*

Knurre, schnurre, knurre!

Schnurre, Rädchen, schnurre!

*Hanne*

Drille, Rädchen, lang und fein,  
drille fein ein Fädelein  
mir zum Busenschleier!  
(Knurre, schnurre, knurre! usw.)  
Weber, webe zart und fein,  
webe fein das Schleierlein  
mir zur Kirmesfeier.

(Knurre, schnurre, knurre! usw.)

Außen blank und innen rein  
muß des Mädchens Busen sein,  
wohl deckt ihn der Schleier.

(Knurre, schnurre, knurre! usw.)

*Hanne und Chor*

Außer blank und innen rein,  
fleißig, fromm und sittsam sein,  
locket wack're Freier.

Nr. 39 Rezitativ

*Lucas*

Abgesponnen ist der Flachs;  
nun steh'n die Räder still.  
Da wird der Kreis verengt  
und von dem Männervolk umringt  
zu horchen auf die neue Mär',  
die Hanne jetzt erzählen wird.

Nr. 40 Lied mit Chor

*Hanne*

Ein Mädchen, das auf Ehre hielt,  
liebt' einst ein Edelmann;  
da er schon längst auf sie gezielt,  
traf er allein sie an.  
Er stieg sogleich vom Pferd' und sprach:  
Komm, küsse deinen Herrn!  
Sie rief vor Angst und Schrecken: Ach!  
Ach ja! . . . von Herzen gern.

*Chor*

Ei, ei, warum nicht nein?

No. 37 Recitative

*Lucas*

As he approaches, in his ears,  
numbed by the cold and the howling wind,  
he hears the sound of cheerful voices.

*Hanne*

In the warm room he finds  
the villagers assembled,  
united in a friendly group  
to shorten the tedious evening  
with pleasant work and gossip.

*Simon*

Before the stove old men  
talk of their youthful days.  
Young men mend baskets and tackle,  
osier-switches and nets,  
while they gaily chatter and laugh.  
Mothers wind flax on the distaff,  
daughters spin at their wheels,  
and all this industry  
is helped by a happy song.

No. 38 Song with Chorus of Women and Girls

*Chorus*

Burr, whirr, burr!

Whirr, wheels, whirr!

*Hanne*

Turn, wheel, spin a thread  
delicate and fine,  
to make a pretty kerchief.  
(Burr, whirr, burr! etc.)  
Weaver, give me of your best,  
make a lovely veil for me  
to wear on festive days.  
(Burr, whirr, burr! etc.)  
Fair without and pure within  
should a maiden's bosom be,  
veiled with modesty.  
(Burr, whirr, burr! etc.)

*Hanne and Chorus*

Fair without and pure within;  
piety and natural goodness  
draw an honest wooer.

No. 39 Recitative

*Lucas*

The flax is spun,  
the wheels are still.  
The circle draws closer,  
with the men looking on,  
to listen to the latest tale  
which Hanne now relates.

No. 40 Song with Chorus

*Hanne*

An honest village maiden  
was loved by a nobleman.  
He, having long desired her,  
met her one day alone.  
Dismounting from his horse, he said:  
Come, give your lord a kiss!  
She cried out in alarm: Ah!  
Ah yes—with all my heart.

*Chorus*

Why did she not say no?





*Hanne*

Sei ruhig, sprach er, liebes Kind,  
Denn meine Lieb' ist treu gesinnt,  
nicht Leichtsinn oder Scherz.  
Dich mach' ich glücklich: nimm dies Geld,  
den Ring, die gold'ne Uhr!  
Und hab' ich sonst, was dir gefällt,  
so sag's und ford're nur!

*Chor*

Ei, ei, das klingt recht fein!

*Hanne*

Nein, sagt sie, das wär' viel gewagt,  
mein Bruder möcht' es sehn,  
und wenn er's meinem Vater sagt,  
wie wird mir's dann ergehn?  
Er ackert uns hier allzu nah . . .  
Sonst könnt' es wohl geschehn.  
Schaut nur: von jenem Hügel da  
könnt Ihr ihn ackern sehn.

*Chor*

Ho, ho! Was soll das sein?

*Hanne*

Indem der Junker geht und sieht,  
schwingt sich das löse Kind  
auf seinen Rappen und entflieht  
geschwinder als der Wind.  
Lebt wohl, ruft sie, mein gnäd'ger Herr!  
So räch' ich meine Schmach.  
Ganz eingewurzelt stehet er  
und gafft ihr staunend nach.

*Chor*

Ha, ha, das war recht fein!

Nr. 41 Rezitativ

*Simon*

Vom dürrn Oste dringt  
ein scharfer Eishauch jetzt hervor.  
Schneidend fährt er durch die Luft,  
verzehret jeden Dunst  
und hascht des Tieres Odem selbst.  
Des grimmigen Tyranns,  
des Winters Sieg ist nun vollbracht,  
und stummer Schrecken drückt  
den ganzen Umfang der Natur.

Nr. 42 Arie

*Simon*

Erblicke hier, betörter Mensch,  
erblicke deines Lebens Bild!  
Verblühet ist dein kurzer Lenz,  
erschöpft deines Sommers Kraft.  
Schon welkt dein Herbst dem Alter zu;  
schon naht der bleiche Winter sich  
und zeigt dir das offne Grab.  
Wo sind sie nun, die hoh'n Entwürfe,  
die Hoffnungen von Glück,  
die Sucht nach eitlen Ruhme,  
der Sorgen schwere Last?  
Wo sind sie nun, die Wonnetage,  
verschwelgt in Uppigkeit?  
Und wo die frohen Nächte,  
im Taumel durchgewacht?  
Verschwunden sind sie, wie ein Traum.  
Nur Tugend bleibt.

*Hanne*

Be calm, he said, my dearest child,  
and give your heart to me,  
because my love is truly meant,  
not frivolous or light.  
I'll make you happy: take this money,  
ring, and watch of gold,  
and if I've something else you want,  
you only have to ask!

*Chorus*

That sounds very fine!

*Hanne*

No, she said, I dare not,  
my brother might be looking,  
and if he told my father  
what would become of me?  
He's working nearby in the fields...  
If not for that, perhaps I might.  
Just see, if you go up that hill  
you can see him at his work.

*Chorus*

What did she mean by that?

*Hanne*

As the rich man went to look,  
the daring girl sprang up,  
leapt on his horse and galloped off  
faster than the wind.  
Farewell, she cried, my gracious lord!  
Thus I revenge my wrong.  
He stood there rooted to the spot,  
staring at her in amazement.

*Chorus*

Ha, ha, that's very good!

No. 41 Recitative

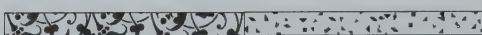
*Simon*

Now from the barren east  
Come gusts of icy wind,  
cutting through the air,  
dispelling the mists,  
and threatening the lives of beasts.  
The victory of winter,  
grim tyrant, is now complete,  
and silent dread  
runs through the whole of nature.

No. 42 Aria

*Simon*

Behold here, deluded man,  
an image of your life.  
Your short spring has gone,  
your summer's strength exhausted.  
Your autumn is fading into old age,  
and pale winter approaches,  
showing the open grave.  
Where are they now, the splendid plans,  
the hopes of happiness,  
the quest for vain renown,  
and the cares of heavy burdens?  
Where are they now, the days of bliss,  
of sensual abandon?  
And where the nights of gaiety  
spent in a round of pleasures?  
They have vanished like a dream.  
Only virtue remains.



Nr. 43 Rezitativ

*Simon*

Die bleibt allein  
und leitet uns unwandelbar  
durch Zeit und Jahreswechsel,  
durch Jammer oder Freude  
bis zu dem höchsten Ziele hin.

Nr. 44 Terzett und Doppelchor

*Simon*

Dann bricht der große Morgen an!  
Der Allmacht zweites Wort erweckt  
zum neuen Dasein uns,  
von Pein und Tod auf immer frei.

*Lukas, Simon*

Die Himmelspforten öffnen sich,  
der heil'ge Berg erscheint.  
Ihn krönt des Herren Zelt,  
wo Ruh' und Friede thront.

*Erster Chor*

Wer darf durch diese Pforte gehn?

*Terzett*

Der Arges mied und Gutes tat.

*Zweiter Chor*

Wer darf besteigen diesen Berg?

*Terzett*

Von dessen Lippen Wahrheit floß.

*Erster Chor*

Wer darf in diesem Zelte wohnen?

*Terzett*

Der Armen und Bedrängten half.

*Zweiter Chor*

Wer wird den Frieden dort genießen?

*Terzett*

Der Schutz und Recht der Unschuld gab.

*Beide Chöre*

O seht, der große Morgen naht.

O seht, er leuchtet schon.

Die Himmelspforten öffnen sich;

der heil'ge Berg erscheint.

Vorüber sind, verbrauset sind,

die leidenvollen Tage,

des Lebens Winterstürme.

Ein ew'ger Frühling herrscht,

und grenzenlose Seligkeit

wird der Gerechten Lohn.

*Terzett*

Auch uns wird einst ein solcher Lohn!

Laßt uns wirken, laßt uns streben!

*Beide Chöre*

Laßt uns kämpfen, laßt uns harren,

zu erringen diesen Preis.

Uns leite deine Hand, o Gott!

Verleih' uns Stärk' und Mut;

dann singen wir, dann gehn wir ein

in deines Reiches Herrlichkeit.

Amen.

No. 43 Recitative

*Simon*

It alone remains  
And leads us unerringly  
through all times and seasons,  
through sorrow or joy  
to the highest goals.

No. 44 Trio and Double Chorus

*Simon*

Then comes the great dawn!  
The second word of the Almighty  
awakens new life in us,  
ever free from pain and death

*Lucas, Simon*

The heavenly gates are opened wide,  
the holy hill appears,  
crowned by the Lord's abode  
where peace sits enthroned.

*First Chorus*

Who may pass though these gates?

*Trio*

He who shunned evil and did good.

*Second Chorus*

Who may ascend this hill?

*Trio*

He from whose lips truth flowed.

*First Chorus*

Who may dwell in this abode?

*Trio*

He who helped the poor and needy.

*Second Chorus*

Who will enjoy the peace there?

*Trio*

He who protected the innocent.

*Both Choruses*

Behold, the great day approaches.

Behold, it breaks already!

The heavenly gates are opened wide,

the holy hill appears.

They are passed, swept away,

the days of suffering,

the winter storms of life.

Eternal springtime reigns,

and boundless blessings

will reward the righteous.

*Trio*

We too will be rewarded thus!

Let us labor, let us strive!

*Both Choruses*

Let us struggle, wait in hope,

to achieve this prize.

Lead us by Thy hand, O God,

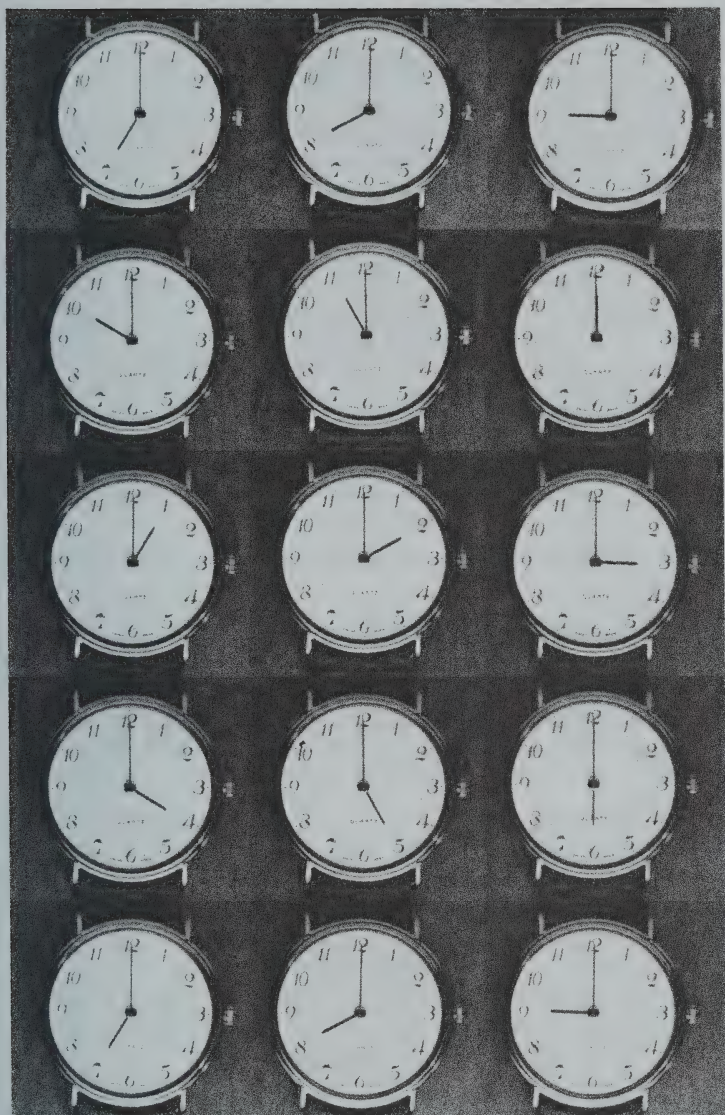
give us strength and courage.

Then we shall sing, entering

into the glory of Thy Kingdom.

Amen.





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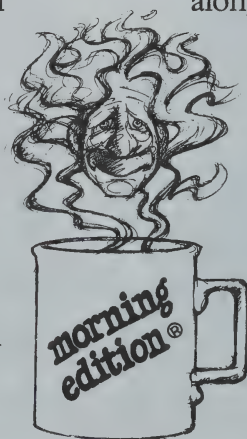
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 Gerald Itzkoff

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 Katharyn Shaw  
 Danielle Maddon  
 James Johnston  
 Etsuko Sakakeeny  
 Anne-Marie Chubet  
 Lisa Crockett

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 Barbara Wright  
 Donna Jerome  
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 Shannon Natale

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 Sue Yelanjian

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Christopher Krueger

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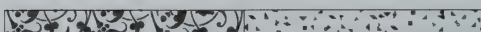
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 Susan Byers  
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 Sonya Merian-  
 Soboff  
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 Ethelwyn Worden

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 William Hite  
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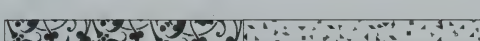
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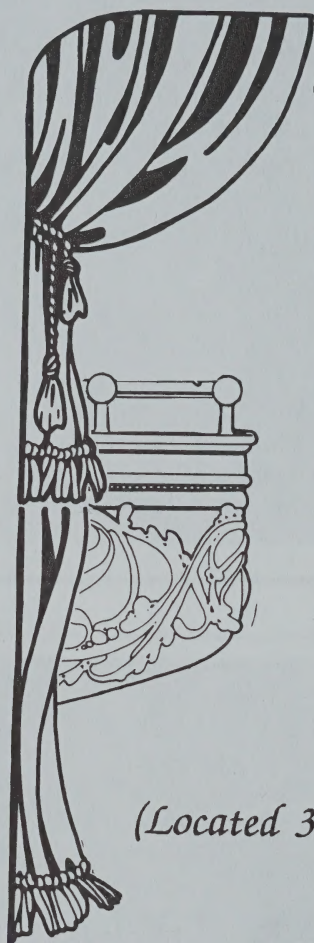
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